



COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



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MARK VAN DOREN, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, became Professor of English Emeritus at Columbia University upon his retirement last June.

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Columbia Library Columns

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MARK VAN DOREN presenting the manuscript of his autobiography to President Kirk at the meeting of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries on January 18, 1960. This manuscript was symbolic of his entire collection of papers which was transmitted at that time.



COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



Why I Am Presenting My Papers to Columbia

MARK VAN DOREN

Remarks at the presentation in Low Memorial Library, on January 18, 1960, at the Annual Meeting of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.

MR. BARRETT, Mr. Kirk, and Mr. Barzun, thank you for being here, and thank all of the Friends of the Libraries for being here, and for being “friends.” I hope I am one of those myself. I do not want to talk very long—I am here merely to present these so-called “papers” (the word embarrasses me a little bit) to the Libraries of the University. Let me explain: the word “papers” sounds rather formal; it sounds as if—well, for one thing, as if I had lived in another century.

I mean to present them, but to say first a few things about them, chiefly by way of making it clear how simple the reason is that they exist, how simple the reason is that I am giving them to Columbia.

They exist because I am afraid of fire. About thirty-five years ago I began to be aware that some copies of things I had written, lying around my house, might burn if the house burned, and it occurred to me to take them to my office in Hamilton Hall, which is a relatively fireproof building. I took them there, put them in

my desk, and the next month I took a few more. It was always with the idea of having two copies of something in two different places. I did not think that both my house and Columbia University would burn on the same day. After thirty-five years they filled seventeen boxes, and when I was ready to leave Columbia last June (I hope I am being both frank and respectful) I did not know what to do with them except give them to the University. I am going to say more about the reason than that. But that is how it begins.

I am also giving them to the University because I love it. But this is why they exist. I never kept them from any notion that they were immortal; I kept them out of habit somewhat as a squirrel keeps nuts in the ground, and I did not always know what was up there in those boxes. In a sense, I still do not. Not all of the things I have written are here. Some are I do not know where, I do not know what happened to them; some manuscripts that should be here, perhaps, are not. A few were distributed during World War II, under the auspices of the Book and Author War Bond Committee, of which I happened to be chairman. This was an enterprise that the United States Treasury started in order to promote the sale of war-bonds. Meetings were held in various cities of the United States, and at those meetings there was an auction of bonds; the person or the company or the institution that bought the most had as a result the privilege of presenting to the local library (Springfield, Massachusetts, or whatever town or city it might be) one or more manuscripts that authors had contributed. Virtually all of the living authors of the United States, and of England for that matter, contributed manuscripts. Einstein wrote out a "fair copy" of his first relativity paper, for instance. It was auctioned at one of these meetings. A number of my manuscripts went that way, and they are in various libraries of the country, as many thousands of manuscripts are. I wanted to say that.

I wanted to say, too, that if you are looking at any of these papers in the exhibit cases at the side of the room, you may be

struck by how many of them are written in pencil. They are written with a wooden pencil, which is the only kind of pencil I still recognize as a true pencil; a pencil you can sharpen, and it smells like cedar, and you can get your hands dirty with its graphite. Ever since I was a child I have loved to write with a pencil. All of my poems are written with a pencil, most of my stories are, the only play I have ever written was written that way; my autobiography, of which Mr. Barrett spoke so kindly, was written that way too. It is a lot of trouble later on, but I would rather copy something on a typewriter than compose it on one. At first I did a great deal of scratching out and replacing words and lines with others. Eventually I got to erasing, so that the later manuscripts do not yield any evidence as to first thoughts; only the last thought is there. My critical books were not written this way. They were written on a typewriter, without much change. The first draft was the last draft. But all of the other works were written with a pencil, permitting me to make all the changes I pleased, and sometimes I changed every word.

I also, since I was a child, have had a weakness for writing in bound books, not on separate sheets of paper that can get disarranged and come out of their clips. Many of my manuscripts are so written. For years I used to take home—I used to *steal* from the University, I suppose—examination books, blue books. They had only eight or sixteen pages, but to me it was very charming to write in them. For about twenty years I wrote all of my poems in them, merely for the reason that it was convenient and agreeable. But latterly I have supplied myself with more substantial blank books. Sometimes they have been business books, ledgers, sometimes they have been books which I persuaded a young friend of mine who is in the publishing business to have printers supply him in the form of dummies. They are nicely bound books without any words in them except the ones now to be written. That is all I really want to say about the nature of these things. You see, I do not call them papers because I think of them as books.

I make no claim for their value, or even for their interest. I am

not sure I believe that all papers should be systematically preserved. I can scarcely bear the thought of the size of the building that would be necessary if everyone's papers got put there in filing cases, baskets, barrels, and boxes. Some poems of Milton have survived, and we can see his emendations, his revisions of certain words and lines; but I like to think that that was an accident as of course it was. Maybe accident should always prevail in this sphere. Maybe I should have destroyed all these papers. I could have done it; almost nobody knew they were there. Among them are many things I have never published because I did not think they were good enough to publish. I should have destroyed those, but I did not have time in June to do it. I would still be doing it if I had started then. How does one decide questions like that? Here they are, all but completely unexamined by me. I realize the hazard involved in presenting certain unpublished and, in my private view, unpublishable things to a great library. I have hedged a bit by making it a condition of the gift that none can ever be published without my consent or without the consent of my heirs and literary executors.

I said that the real reason I give my papers to the University is that I am devoted to it. A further reason is that Columbia deserves them because it has been keeping them for me without knowing it. And there is still another reason. A number of my critical books were first spoken in classrooms of this university; they were not written until I had been talking about their subjects for ten or fifteen years.

And now, President Kirk, I present, just as a token, just as an illustration, one paper, the manuscript in pencil—I do not know how legible it is—of the autobiography of which Mr. Barrett has spoken. Let it represent, then, all of these papers. I give them with great pleasure and a sense of the honor you will do me by accepting them.

“Pictures at an Exhibition”

On the four-page picture section which follows are photographs of Mark Van Doren, arranged chronologically. They were included in the Exhibition of the Van Doren Papers recently on view in Low Memorial Library. The quotations under the pictures are from The Autobiography of Mark Van Doren.



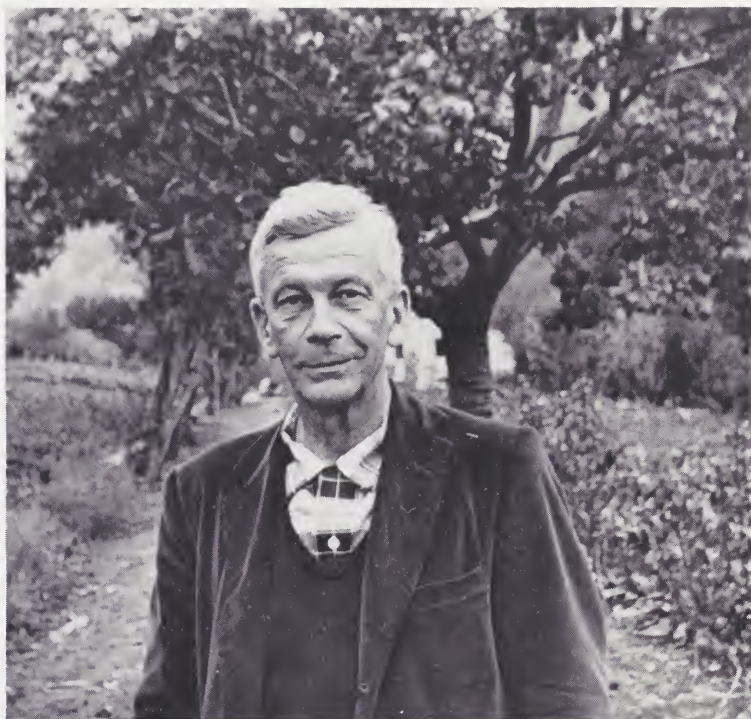
At the University of Illinois. "When I graduated in June, 1914, my mother gave me the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne in twenty-two volumes. . . . In 1915, even these things seemed far away . . . I was going to New York where Carl was, to study at Columbia where he had studied and was now a teacher of English. I might be such a teacher in my time."



1935. Publication of his poem *A Winter Diary*. He received a letter: "I liked being where you were in your *Winter Diary*, and could wish I never had to be or go anywhere else . . . I must throw you back some snow for your snow. Be on your guard . . . Always of your persuasion Robert Frost."



"Between tragedy and comedy I have elected comedy for my mask; or if not that, for my muse."



"The hills of little Cornwall
Themselves are dreams . . .

I dream the country dream two thirds of the year . . . I like clear days and thick; I disappear into heavy rains and do not come back till I am soaked; but then I can bask in warm sun, too, and feel it like a touch of love on my shoulders."

The Significance of Literary Papers

JACQUES BARZUN

Remarks at the presentation of the Mark Van Doren papers to Columbia.

AS A STUDENT of history I am dismayed by the modern preservation of Papers; as a student of Mark Van Doren, I rejoice with you.

It is surprising but true that until fairly recently the written remains and records of notable achievements were kept, and housed, and sorted out largely by chance. The collecting activities of men like Cotton and Ashmole and others in the centuries following the Renaissance were looked upon as a harmless eccentricity indulged in by very few. Now we all record and preserve everything we are concerned in, and the amount of historical material deemed valuable grows by the cubic mile.

This is due, of course, to our inveterate desire for the history, the genesis, of every person and every achievement. The practice is to a certain degree justified, for it may lead to understanding. But this inherited trait which we owe to the thought of the 19th century has been reenforced in the 20th by a still more pervasive belief in the democratic view of reality: every bit of the Real is thought to be as interesting and important as every other bit; every fact is equal to every other fact; all biographies, especially, are of the same surpassing interest. This last addiction was very noticeable after the last war, when some of the taxpayer's money went into writing the histories of all the army posts; the same habit prompts the solemn "lives" written of banking institutions and lumber companies.

It is for all this memorializing that we save the tons of papers produced by our daily activities. A tale is told of the business firm which sensibly decided to discard a great mass of its obsolete cor-

respondence and records. As usual in large organizations, the order came from on high, but the execution was to take place below. At some middle point there was a General Office Manager who foresaw with horror the pulping of all these carefully filed papers, and he put up an embattled resistance. His superiors coaxed and argued—for it is the mark of the superior in these days never to issue an order—and finally the manager gave in. “All right,” said he, “you can throw out all this priceless material, *provided* we make three copies of everything you throw out.”

Well, what is the proper course of action regarding records in this squirrel-minded age? What is the sign of the really priceless material?

I would suggest that we take a simple view but hold it firmly, saying: this is worth preserving if it will *uniquely* instruct or entertain. We do not need the records which will be duplicated in kind many times over. The business transactions of a small-town bank can be ascertained generically from other sources. The academic careers of undergraduates do not differ sufficiently from one another to justify every college in keeping every student's dossier to the end of time. On the contrary we must try to preserve what is individual, lest we be swamped by what is common.

Now, a literary career—if it truly deserves the name—is an individual achievement par excellence, and literary papers can in a high degree “uniquely instruct and entertain.” From literary papers we learn about the genesis of finished work—which is tantamount to spying on the mind as it fulfills its own intention, whether by a leap or by a series of happy stumbles; this is instructive. And we can also enjoy (this being entertainment) the unsuspected variations on the themes with which reading the finished product has made us familiar.

There is a peculiar delight in tracing out not indeed the errors of a great or fine mind, but its fertility in ideas and its persistence in the shaping of form. Since nowadays we are all historians and

evolutionists, we feel blessed and encouraged when we can read in the manuscripts of our writers—and sometimes in books collating these manuscripts—the successive states of a many-sided conception. I know that for my part, I enjoy dreaming over the pages of the earlier *Madame Bovary*, the two versions of Wordsworth's *Prelude*, and the five drafts of Beddoes' *Death's Jest Book*. I do not regard this occupation as antiquarian trifling, but as a refinement upon perception, an enhancement of my own powers of thought.

What we are celebrating here this evening strikes me therefore exactly as it does you: it is a fitting and an auspicious occasion. It is a storing up of pleasure for years to come. And by virtue of him whose papers we are receiving, it is an uncommonly rich hoard that we are adding to the resources of retrospection laid up for future generations.

Consider: here are the papers of a man who has united in himself, with noble ease and unquestioned success, the diverse powers of the teacher, the scholar, the maker of fiction, the critic, the anthologist, and the poet. If he has been fair to his many brilliant selves, he must have kept drafts and notes and documents and correspondence relating to each of these adventures. My curiosity at this point verges on the unseemly. I want to find out, right now—or at least when the Library opens tomorrow morning—how Mark went about organizing his book on Dryden—a dissertation, as you know, but a masterpiece of a dissertation, which redeems thousands of its fallen sisters.

Being interested in translation, I want to know how Mark conceived the idea and executed the stupendous task of editing a large anthology of world poetry in English—a volume of which the foreign sections can be read without wincing.

There is more, much more that I want to see—secrets I want to rifle (as it were) professionally, as a kind of dividend from my expensive education. What, for instance, permitted the book on Hawthorne to be so compact? Did it start long and was then cut or

boiled down, or did it (as I suspect) simply get born with the right proportions? And the aphorisms on the poets from Homer to Cervantes and Shakespeare: did they, too, arise spontaneously, or by artful revision? I repeat that there is entertainment as well as instruction in such discoveries, but (I need hardly add) there is no thought of making judgments of quality depend upon the mode of conception or the genesis of expression.

Again, when as an undergraduate I studied American literature under Mark Van Doren, and learned to endure the first half dozen figures who seem to youth the most arid in the tradition, I wondered why we had to read a passage from the *Diary of Judge Samuel Sewall*, whose four wives and sixteen children seemed to me an extravagance the judge should have shifted from life to literature. But shortly afterwards I saw that Mark had edited the entire *Diary*. Curious then as I am now about all that Mark did, I read the book and found it a very moving though austere document. What I wonder about now is how Mark induced a publisher to bring it out. I hope the correspondence will tell us, echoing no doubt the critical and appreciative phrases that in Mark's lectures struck my sophomore mind.

Leaping over a quarter century, I find myself with still new questions. In a recent issue of that specialized journal known as *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, I found and read a story by Mark, which the editor said had originally had a different ending. Knowing what editorial wisdom is, I want to read that first ending and confirm my opinion of editors.

And finally there is the poetry. It is a realm apart, where hesitations and second thoughts can serve as the defining element of the art. Because words are all-in-all, the first word, the wrong word, the better word together tell us what poetry is, and what the particular poet is a poet for. I expect to find in Mark Van Doren's manuscripts the proof that I have read him aright, and that my pleasure hinged on the true pivots of his thought and feeling.

But let me in closing remind you that all these prospects opened out by this great gift from our friend enchant us because we have read and admired his finished works. Let me remind you, in short, that the artist and thinker wants and deserves to have his finished work take effect *first*. That is what he toils for, that is what his gift compels him and us to regard above all else. It so happens that in a high civilization the rest is not silence, but literary remains. Still, we must not take the sketches for the graven image nor the scaffolding for the edifice. Rather, we are permitted to enter into the workshop because we have seen the real thing, and demonstrated our judgment by valuing the full incarnation of the idea.

Mark Van Doren at Work

CHARLES W. EVERETT

THE Mark Van Doren manuscripts comprise about 20,000 pages of text, a good deal of it in pencil, the major part in typescript. The sheer bulk of the manuscript is impressive. There are in the collection scholarly works like the *Hawthorne* and the *Dryden* with the card indexes of material genuinely relevant to the subject matter; critical works like the *Shakespeare* and *The Noble Voice*, developing out of courses given in Columbia College, as the lecture notes for those courses show; there are the novels, *The Transients*, *Windless Cabins*, and *Tilda*; and something like a hundred short stories. There are the poems, hundreds of them, ranging in length from the epitaph and the sonnet to the thousand lines of that lovely New England pastoral *A Winter Diary*—a poem written in the easiest and simplest and most natural of couplets.

What is even more impressive than the bulk of the manuscript is its orderliness. It would almost seem that the work of organization, of informing thought, had been done before the pencil was picked up, that there remained only the choice of language, the shaping of the statement. In other fields, we recognize this as craftsmanship. The skilled welder joins armorplate as if it were lead; the worker in wood shapes a balanced axe-handle without a false stroke or a waste chip, despite the grain and toughness of the hickory.

In these manuscript materials we are allowed the privilege of seeing a man of letters at work in a way that even his close friends or associates cannot. For some years I shared an adjoining office and saw a good deal of Mark Van Doren in his daily life. Even in that, he showed an extraordinary self-discipline. No man gave of himself more freely to his students or his colleagues. He spent as

much time in his office, on committees, and in the work of the University as any one of us. The coming and going of students and the daily traffic of business kept him occupied, but he never seemed busy. If he came in with an armload of blue books from an examination he had just given, he sat down and began reading them, and I am fairly sure that he did not get up until they were finished. Even at that sometimes depressing job, however, he seemed relaxed and genial, as if he were doing a crossword puzzle or playing a game of solitaire.

He was a great teacher and scholar, yet one sometimes had the feeling that in that life he found what some people would call recreation and relaxation to enable him to support the strains and tensions of the secret life of the writer. Some find restoration and recreation in mountain climbing or skiing, some try to find it, usually unsuccessfully, in idleness or dissipation, but Van Doren seemed to find it quite as much in teaching and study as in his forestry or gardening. Whatever he did had to be done well, had to be done expertly.

We shall learn little from the *Autobiography* or from the Journals as to his struggles or conflicts. He certainly has encountered as much stupidity or foolishness as anyone does, but he does not waste time writing about it. His occasional support of unpopular persons or public issues caused him to be slandered and lied about in journals of immense circulation, but this too he let pass without a word.

Usually a man who is so self-contained, so sure of himself, is likely to be rather thorny and self-righteous, but if a single word were to be found for Van Doren, it would be the word genial. He likes to talk and he talks well and wittily, but he causes other people to talk, too, and talk better sometimes than they had known they could. One is aware, however, that he has also the life apart, the life of the artist, of the writer. This is not something to talk about, it is something to do. In the manuscripts we can at least get glimpses of how the work is done.

We have, for example, the card index notes for the *Life of Hawthorne*, almost as interesting as the book itself. They consist of about a thousand 3 x 5 paper slips written in pencil and listed under about fifty heads: politics, boredom, the Peabodys, Melville, the lonely room, Italy, etc. The range of reading they cover is of course enormous, but in each case what is put down is so striking, so genuinely illustrative of a point in artistry or in character, that a less skillful writer would in some way have made a place for it in the book. The power of decision involved in discarding nine out of ten as not essential to the point Van Doren wished to make is central to understanding how a good book is written.

Many of the poems are to be found in bound notebooks. They are written in pencil and the whole impression is one of orderly production. What is most striking on close examination, however, is the amount of erasure. Words, phrases, whole lines have been tried and found wanting, and the ruthless eraser has obliterated them so that the clear pencil version gives no suggestion of what has disappeared. Sometimes erasure seems to have been applied to three or four versions before the right and final line has triumphantly appeared. An indication of the kind of changes probably made by erasure is to be found in printed copies of *Jonathan Gentry* and of *The Mayfield Deer*, which are included in the collection. Both of these books contain rather extensive corrections, omissions, and additions looking forward to another edition. Furthermore, laid in the printed copy of *Jonathan Gentry* are five pages containing Allen Tate's suggestions for changes.

Only in few rare instances are we allowed to see how the poet thought about his work when engaged upon it. In a diary kept from October, 1919, to April, 1920, during the trip abroad in company with Joseph Wood Krutch, Mark Van Doren gives a fairly full account of his impressions of England and of France, of his reading and thinking, and of the poem called "Simon" (referred to in the *Autobiography*, page 113, as "Simple Cymon")

which he worked at without letting Krutch know anything about it until it was completed. From time to time the work on the poem is referred to, as in the following passages:

"Feb. 16, 1920

At the Bibliothèque Saturday I surprised myself by dashing off 25 lines of my poem, in octosyllabic couplets. I had intended decasyllabics, but the dangers of stiffness and monotony, which only a few men like Dryden ever could escape, and the presence on my desk of Masefield's *Reynard*, determined me on the easier, more galloping meter. I thought my verses pretty good that afternoon. In the evening I was sure they were bad. Now I admit that they are empty, but claim for them a bit of steam and gayety.

Feb. 21. Was a peripatetic poet yesterday. Sat in the Jardins du Luxembourg until noon, composing 30 thin verses; and composed 40 more in the Jardin des Tuileries in the afternoon, my move being occasioned by a visit I had to make to Morgan's Bank.

Feb. 22. Spun out 40 more lines in the Bibliothèque yesterday.

Feb. 27. Have been versifying these two days, at a great and glib rate.

Feb. 29. Plunged at somewhat less a rate, yesterday and the day before. I wish I could say the product was better for that reason; but it was not."

Something of Mark Van Doren's own sense of the world at that time is to be found in his account of an acquaintance from Illinois, encountered studying in Paris:

"Like any sensitive person from the new world, he is overwhelmed, almost humiliated, to find the Old World so much more beautiful, refined, sophisticated, humble, sincere, intelligent, various, honest, and consistent than his own . . . His old Urbana, Sig Alph, Middle West, USA sentiments mingle picturesquely with his Parisian acquisitions, like iron bolts among gold filagrees."

Inevitably, Mark Van Doren's views of the world have changed in the forty years since he made that entry. Fortunately, he is still very much alive and it may be that his most magnificent rendering of experience into language is still to come.

Knickerbocker Literature in the Benjamin Collections

LEWIS LEARY

KNICKERBOCKER New York was proud of its culture, and had reason to be. It had no benign Mr. Emerson, nor any poet as dulcet as Professor Longfellow, as homespun as Mr. Whittier or urbane as Mr. Lowell. But Emerson's brother lived on Staten Island, and the Concord sage visited him or Henry James, who was a philosopher also, equally intense, though not so popular or smoothly articulate. And New York had its own literary galaxy, older and eminently respectable. William Cullen Bryant was surely America's purest poetic voice, even if his work as editor of the *Evening Post* allowed him to sing increasingly less often and less well. Fitz-Greene Halleck was also familiarly numbered among the favorites of his literary countrymen, and his position as secretary to Mr. Astor seemed to signify something of a proper, even distinctively New-World, relationship between commerce and art. Everyone knew James Fenimore Cooper, but not everyone liked him because he was often bumptious and very blunt in criticism of native notions. Residence in Europe had convinced him that, whatever was lacking of intelligent facing up to facts of human nature and human rights there, even more was lacking at home. But he was a man of whom to be proud. He hated being called "the American Walter Scott," but there was no avoiding it. His novels were the best America was to produce for many years.

But Knickerbocker New York was most proud of Washington Irving, whose triumphant literary years in Europe had made him, not imitator, but an intimate of Sir Walter, of Thomas Campbell, and of the poet Shelley's widow. Something of their splendor

returned to New York with him in 1832, so that he seemed indeed to certify, not only the excellencies of American writings to Europe, but also the certainty that transatlantic good taste could be duplicated at home. He wrote so lucidly well that almost everyone imitated him, even Professor Longfellow. It was Mr. Irving who had given a name to early nineteenth-century New York some twenty years before when he used the pseudonym of "Diedrich Knickerbocker" for his first book, a comical history of the city, and the word "Knickerbocker" seemed so appropriate that it became attached to a distinctive and Dutch-like kind of trousers, as well as to New York's most fashionable company of cadets and the city's first baseball club. Today it appears more than a hundred times in Manhattan's telephone directory, its rightness for any New York activity demonstrated in its application to such diverse enterprises as a hotel, a delicatessen, a hospital, an ice company, a magazine, a brewery and a basketball team.

The later Knickerbocker period in New York can be said to extend from the 1830s, when both Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper returned from residence abroad, until the end of the Civil War. It was a period of growth in every direction, when New York could now in fact make good her long vaunted boast of being the commercial and financial center of the United States. She also thought of herself as the literary center and struck truculent poses in defiance of Boston's assumed supremacy. Salons like that of Mrs. Lynch attracted men of good will and bluestockings of every variety for philosophic conversations—like those which Miss Margaret Fuller had made popular in New England—or for evenings of music or literary talk. Indeed, Horace Greeley had enticed Miss Fuller herself to New York as literary editor of his *Tribune*. Henry Thoreau from Concord had come down briefly to discover whether he might not make some kind of connection as a writer, but he did not do well. Edgar Poe from Virginia settled in Fordham with high literary plans cut short only by his tragic death. Walter Whitman, editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*,

was known as an industrious writer who could turn his hand to many forms, even verse. Herman Melville, back from adventurous years at sea, spun yarns which hardly anyone believed could be true. Knickerbocker New York nurtured these, and many more who also worked hard at literature, editing magazines, producing novels, and turning out a lot of verse. Professor Clement Moore delighted everyone with his "The Night before Christmas," Samuel Woodworth with "The Old Oaken Bucket," and George Morris with "Woodman, Spare that Tree." When John Howard Payne returned from abroad to be feted by the city, it almost seemed that his popular "Home, Sweet Home" was a Knickerbocker song also.

Prominent among the later Knickerbockers was Park Benjamin, whose residence in New York from 1835 until his death in 1864 might be said to define the period. A poet and a successful lyceum lecturer who had been brought up in the same lively literary atmosphere in Boston which had produced his friend and Harvard classmate Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Park Benjamin was perhaps best known as an astute and sympathetic literary editor. While connected with the *New England Magazine*, he had brought Nathaniel Hawthorne first to favorable public notice, and in New York as editor, with Charles Fenno Hoffman, of the *American Monthly Magazine*, then as literary editor of Horace Greeley's *New Yorker*, and finally in his own literary weekly, the *New World*, he continued in encouragement of native artists and published also the work of some of the best known writers of England, like Dickens and Charles Lamb, Captain Marryat and Bulwer-Lytton. Longfellow thought the *New World* "the best paper I see," and sent Benjamin his "The Wreck of the Hesperus" for first publication in it. Richard Henry Dana contributed to it, and Walt Whitman, William Gilmore Simms, Irving, Bryant, and Nathaniel Parker Willis. Only Fenimore Cooper, whom Benjamin had attacked for his "Libels on America and Americans," stood aloof, in open antagonism.

Springfield, Ill. Nov. 19. 1860
Park Benjamin, Esq
My dear Sir.

Your kind note of
congratulation was received in due
course; and you are not disappointed
in the hope you express that I
may set some value upon it—

That my political position, and per-
sonal history, are such as to meet
the unselfish approval of one pos-
sessing your high literary fame and
character, is matter of sincere pride
with me—

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE TO PARK BENJAMIN. In this letter thanking Benjamin for congratulations received after his election to the Presidency, Lincoln writes: "That my political position, and personal history, are such as to meet the unselfish approval of one possessing your high literary fame and character, is matter of sincere pride with me." In 1863, Lincoln gave Benjamin permission "to publish a biography of me—by my authority. I certainly can facilitate you." This project was not carried out.

But Park Benjamin was, above everything else, a lifelong lover of books, and he passed this love on to his sons. One of them, Walter Romeyn Benjamin, after several years with Charles A. Dana on the *New York Sun*, established himself as a manuscript and autograph dealer, and for many years edited the *Collector*, the leading journal in that field. Something of his achievement and particularly of the achievement of his daughter, Mary Benjamin Henderson, who carries on the business today, is set forth in a "Profile" in a recent issue of the *New Yorker*. Another son, William Evarts Benjamin, also entered the rare book and autograph business, and became a publisher. In the latter capacity, he came to the aid of his friend Mark Twain when that writer was in financial difficulties by taking off his hands the multi-volumed *Library of American Literature*, the distribution of which he managed for many years. But William Evarts Benjamin, like his father, was above all else a lover of literature and a collector of fine books.

His interests ranged widely, in literature and art, and his library mirrored both the astuteness of his judgment and the catholicity of his taste. Books of every kind, history, religion, and belles lettres, crowded his shelves, beautifully bound and cared for with devotion. His library was a place where friends could meet, to talk of books and of the lives and times they illuminated. Mark Twain came there, and Henry H. Rogers who was Benjamin's father-in-law and a patron of many good causes, and many another close to the literary and cultural life of the city. It seemed to William Evarts Benjamin that those earlier times of which they often talked and these books which memorialized so much of the culture of early New York which had expanded until it seemed truly to represent an important element in the culture of the nation—that these should not be lost or dispersed, but preserved as a reminder to later generations of the splendid times of his young manhood when New York rang with the activities of the later Knickerbockers, among whom his father had played so impressive a role.

It seemed appropriate then in 1937, when most of his old friends

were gone, that William Evarts Benjamin should have approached President Nicholas Murray Butler with a plan for establishing at Columbia University a collection of books and collateral material built about the life and times of his father. The nucleus of the collection was made up of Park Benjamin's own books, some of them association copies autographed by such longtime friends as Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes. But around them were gathered other books, manuscripts, and periodicals covering the period in New York from the mid-1830's to the mid-1860's, the period of which Park Benjamin stands as symbol. Some 2,500 items were brought together, and a place planned for them where they could be used to best advantage by readers and scholars alike.

W. E. Benjamin died in 1940. In 1944 his son and daughter, Henry Rogers Benjamin and Beatrice Cartwright, made a further gift to the Columbia Libraries, of books and manuscripts which had belonged to their father. They also provided a fund which would allow the University to supplement their father's books by further purchases and which would provide appropriate housing for both "The Park Benjamin Collection" and "The William Evarts Benjamin Collection." The continuing generosity of members of the family, (particularly of Henry Rogers Benjamin, who in 1950 was appointed by President Dwight D. Eisenhower as the first chairman of the Development Program for the Columbia University Libraries and who has subsequently served as an active and interested member of the Council of the Friends of the Library) has made it possible for these interlocking memorials to become the center for an assemblage of books, periodicals, manuscripts, and pictures that throw light upon the later Knickerbocker period in New York. As the collections grow, they will provide the student, the general reader, and the lover of rare books and manuscripts with a unique opportunity to know more of those years which not only produced Park Benjamin and Irving and Cooper and Bryant, but which saw also much of the most intense literary activity of Melville, Whitman, and Poe.

Alma Mater To “Geoffrey Crayon”

ANDREW B. MYERS

⁶⁶IRVING, Washington AM 1821 Hon, LL D 1829, d 1859.” So reads the entry in the Columbia University Alumni Register which links the famous author of *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* to the foremost university in the city of his birth. And the honorary master’s degree in 1821 is a remarkable double “first,” for it was not only the first academic honor for Irving, but the first such Columbia accolade to a celebrated professional man of letters.

The attention focused on Irving during 1959, the centenary of his death, uncovered in Columbiana, the collection of university records and relics, an interesting manuscript reminder of this special moment in our literary history. It is the virtually unknown letter in which Irving expressed to President William Harris his gratitude for what was to prove only his first Columbia degree.¹

Dear Sir

I have just received your letter accompanying a Diploma of Master of Arts, which the Trustees of Columbia College have done me the Honor of conferring on me. If any thing could add to this distinguished mark of approbation and esteem, it would be the very flattering manner in which it was bestowed. I beg you will communicate to the board of Trustees my deep sense of their unexpected, and, I must say, unmerited kindness; I feel that it is far, far beyond my deserts.

Nothing is nearer to my heart than the desire of meriting the good opinion of my countrymen; and, above all of my Townsmen; but their good will has outstripped all my efforts; and I

¹ Two sentences of this letter were quoted in passing in *A History of Columbia University, 1759-1904*, page 108.

despair of ever doing enough to prove myself worthy of the rewards already lavished upon me.

Accept my thanks for the good wishes you are so kind as to express, on your own part, and which I most heartily reciprocate. Hoping that you may long continue to fill with dignity and ability the distinguished situation in which you are placed,

I remain

Dear Sir,
with great respect

Your friend & very humble Serv^t
Washington Irving
London. Aug 6th. 1821.

The Rev^d William Harris
etc. etc. etc.

Curiously, this letter from Britain is dated almost the same day as the August 7 commencement that year at the old college on Park Place, and almost exactly six months to the day after his degree had been voted by the Trustees. The minutes for their meeting on February 5, 1821, include this simple but precedential sentence, "RESOLVED that the honorary degree of Master of Arts be conferred on Washington Irving, Esquire and that the President of the College cause the diploma to be prepared and transmitted to Mr. Irving." And as the minutes for December 3, 1821, show, when Irving's reply had crossed the Atlantic the Reverend Dr. Harris dutifully presented it to the Trustees who had set all this in motion, "The following letter from Mr. Irving was received and ordered to be entered on the minutes."

The reason for saluting Irving with an *Artium Magister* is easy to see if we turn back briefly to 1821. Under the pen name of "Geoffrey Crayon," he had just written the first transatlantic best seller in our two centuries young literary history. The *Sketch Book* (1819-20), in which he created the immortal "Rip Van

Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," had been an astonishing success, popular with both the common reader and the critical reviewer. Unquestionably the most astonishing thing about it, at the time, was the nationality of the author. An American!

In 1820 the English litterateur Sidney Smith had snorted, "Who reads an American book?" Even as he wrote these words Irving made a joke of them. Still, Geoffrey Crayon's self-consciousness, as an author who felt the eyes of two continents on him, is clear in this letter. Actually he had little reason for self-deprecation because, as the *Columbia Encyclopedia* puts it, this book's "enthusiastic reception made Irving the outstanding figure in American literature at home and abroad."

After this initial triumph, our newly born profession of letters followed with other successes. Columbia as an Alma Mater kept pace by recognizing a significant number of these literary lights. Between 1821 and 1837, the semi-centennial anniversary of Columbia College's separate incorporation, honorary MA's were awarded to five prominent Knickerbocker writers, James Fenimore Cooper, James Kirke Paulding, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and William Cullen Bryant. And the tradition begun with Irving still continues.

The diploma, which so delighted Irving, added to Columbia yet one more member of an Irving family which already counted as alumni two of his elder brothers. Peter, a non-graduating member of the College class of 1789, received his MD degree in 1794. A non-practising physician and dilettante author, he was for nearly two decades his younger brother's companion in travels in Europe. John Treat Irving, AB 1798, was First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in New York City, and had been since 1818 a Trustee of the university. Incidentally, he was not recorded as present at the board meeting at which Washington's degree was voted on.

By pleasant coincidence, among the college AB's in 1821 was a nephew, Pierre Munro Irving, who would become his celebrated uncle's research assistant, literary secretary, editor, and official

biographer. Another nephew, Pierre Paris Irving, would be granted his AB in 1824, and in 1829, when Columbia awarded the expatriate author his second honorary degree, and his first doctorate,* another nephew, John Treat Irving, Jr., in time a minor author, would graduate from the college. By the time a third nephew, Theodore, also a minor author, received his honorary MA in 1837, any Irving family gathering automatically became an alumni reunion.

It is not wholly clear what Irving meant by, "the very flattering manner in which it was bestowed." The simplest explanation is that he was referring to the "sheepskin," its customary Latin citation, and the accompanying personal letter. But was some private presentation ceremony arranged as well? The newspaper account of the distant New York commencement exercises makes no mention of a formal announcement of Irving's degree *in absentia*. It does however include a precise list of all graduates, and the order of the academic procession, which ended with the Governor. This began, says the *Commercial Advertiser* on August 7, 1821, with "The Janitor of the College . . ."

Unfortunately the MA diploma is missing, and no record of the citation on it has been found, but these may be recovered. A number of the certificates and insignia of Irving's various honors and appointments have survived, for example his Gold Medal in 1830 from the Royal Society of Literature, now in the collection of Mr. C. Waller Barrett, incumbent chairman of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.

It is quite appropriate that this Irving-and-Columbia letter should appear in print, for the first time, in the journal of a Library which has carved in the literary roll of honor between its front columns the name of Washington Irving, a distinguished honorary alumnus.

* In 1831 Oxford conferred on Irving a D.C.L., and in 1832, the year of his eventual return to the U.S., Harvard gave him an LL.D.

A Note on the Dewey-Frost Correspondence

JAMES GUTMANN

On behalf of the Columbia University Department of Philosophy I am delighted to have an opportunity, in *Columbia Library Columns*, to express appreciation of Mrs. Frost's notable contribution of her letters from John Dewey. These 150 letters are the largest group of John Dewey's letters known to us. Selections from nine of them were published, last spring, in *Daedalus*, the quarterly Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The letters, informal in tone and, as Mrs. Frost says, full of interest for biographers, are surely worthy of particular attention by students of philosophy. Even a writer who published as extensively as Dewey did, reveals new aspects of his thought in letters of this kind. In some of them there are passages which recall the speculative philosophers to whom Dewey devoted special concern in his student days and in his earliest writings.

Unlike another eminent, contemporary philosopher, who asserted that he never replied to letters because this would reduce the time he had for his work, John Dewey probably never left a serious communication unanswered. Such communication did not seem to him irrelevant to or an interference with his essential philosophic tasks. At its best, correspondence was for him, as Mrs. Frost says, a "cooperative endeavor."

Other libraries are establishing Dewey archives and there need be no rivalry nor monopolistic ambitions, especially at a time when techniques of reproduction, such as microfilming, can make full sharing possible. But we are fortunate that, through Mrs. Frost's generosity, these letters of Dewey's have, as she expresses it, "come home" to Columbia. In Columbia Libraries' Special Collections

Department, Dewey's letters will join other important, recent acquisitions—the papers of F. J. E. Woodbridge, given to Columbia by his sons and daughter, and the George Santayana papers donated by Dr. Corliss Lamont.

These papers are not to be entombed here. I am happy to associate myself with the assurance given by Professor William Heard Kilpatrick, through whom Mrs. Frost gave her Dewey letters to Columbia, that they will be fruitful, a “fertile planting” for scholarly harvests.

John Dewey's Letters to Corinne Chisholm Frost

CORINNE C. FROST

SINCE the letters which John Dewey wrote to me from 1930 through 1950 have been given to the Columbia University Libraries, the call has come for an explanation of how the correspondence started and what kept it going.

The letters, formally presented to the Libraries at Columbia's John Dewey Centennial meeting in Low Memorial on October 20, 1959, were the indirect result of an address given by Professor William Heard Kilpatrick in the banquet hall of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel about thirty years ago. On that evening I heard the name of John Dewey for the first time. Next morning I obtained a big book, *Experience and Nature*, read it carefully, reacted vigorously, wrote a letter to the author and received a cordial reply. This exchange initiated a correspondence of twenty years duration, on philosophical problems. The letters are a proof of Dr. Dewey's belief in the effectiveness of cooperative endeavor. They have finally "come home" to the grounds where they were rooted, in the cultural atmosphere within which they grew. Dr. Kilpatrick has faith, he has told me, that this deposit in Columbia University archives will prove to be a fertile planting—something more than a ceremonial burial.

The first letter I wrote to John Dewey, in January, 1930, merely stated my reaction after reading *Experience and Nature*. At that time I was traveling continuously in the Southern states for Girl Scouts, Incorporated, with national headquarters in New York City. On the train between Memphis and New Orleans, I wrote impulsively, having had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Dewey or his works. To tell the truth, I was amused by my own struggles

to understand the meaning of his long sentences and words unfamiliar to me. To my surprise Mr. Dewey replied immediately and asked me to write again.

This was the beginning of a correspondence which lasted until after Mr. Dewey's ninetieth birthday anniversary. In May, 1930, he told me that he was retiring from teaching at the end of the year. I was to be married in October, making my home in New Orleans, and I expected to have time for reading and writing. My letters to Mr. Dewey were the only avenue of communication open to me on this level of discourse. His letters to me indulged his need to experiment with ideas he wanted to simplify on the path to intellectual unity. I asked Dr. Dewey in a moment of trepidation if the statements I would release in his name would be charged with over-simplification. He replied that when professional philosophers have spent years in acquiring knowledge of complexities—and shifting the load from time to time so they may bear it more comfortably—they do not readily part with it for something simple and clear.

The content of the letters will interest Dewey's biographers. They were written from Nova Scotia while on vacation there in summer or from Key West in winter; from a steamship *en route* to Europe where he was to receive an honorary degree from the University of Paris; from a train on the way to Chicago to attend the funeral of an old friend, George Mead; just after a trip to Mexico where he had presided at the Trotzky trial; from a ranch in Missouri while visiting one of his daughters; after 1947, from his wife's country home in Western Pennsylvania or from a Canadian river steamship with his wife and adopted children; from hospitals, occasionally; before and after symposia and birthday anniversary banquets in New York City. Mr. Dewey's interests were legion and I am sure his letters to me were an almost invisible thread in the rich tapestry of his life and thought.

For me, as for Mr. Dewey, the continuing correspondence was a single strand among countless others. What a fabulous weaving

that was—life in New Orleans from 1930 to 1952. What a variety of images, dynamic patterns, colors, contexts: fiestas in the old French Quarter in spring; patio parties lighted by candles and antique lanterns; excursions up the River Road and to the Evangeline country; in winter, the Carnival season, costume balls and parades, terminating with Mardi Gras; long years of “depression” calling for service to New Deal relief agencies; Pearl Harbor Day with accelerated activities of the American Red Cross and the Council of Social Agencies; and at night, when I worked in a shipyard after the death of my husband, the red flare of welders’ and burners’ torches, brilliant against the black water of the canals. These images comprise the deeply woven pattern of my life in New Orleans. And at the same time, prior to 1942, my husband and I were developing a farm for our later years near St. Francesville, Louisiana, in West Feliciana Parish where Audubon had lived with plantation families, explored forests and waterways, and painted his way to immortality. I mention these personal interests to make clear that systematic study of science and philosophy was for me truly a marginal activity.

The question finally arises: what were the fruits of the Dewey-Frost correspondence? The answers lie, for those who will seek them out, in the letters now in the possession of Columbia University.

Our Growing Collections

ROLAND BAUGHMAN

SO GREAT has become the volume of gifts to the Columbia University Libraries since this series of articles was inaugurated in the first issue of *Library Columns* nine years ago, that the author of these notes feels constrained to adopt some system of specialization in recording them. In the present issue, therefore, only *collections* of materials are being discussed. In the next issue, May, we will notice the many generous gifts of individual items which normally would have been discussed in the present article, had space permitted.

A. I. G. A. gift of the "Fifty Books." The American Institute of Graphic Arts, which each year sponsors an exhibition of fifty exemplary books chosen from the current productions of American printers and publishers, has continued its generous policy of placing a depository file of the selections at Columbia University, to the great advantage of students of American book production. In 1959 we received the "Fifty Books of the Year 1957," which were, in fact, the selections made in 1958 and which have now completed their year-long exhibition tour of the country.

Bassett-Monroe gift of Near-Eastern and Egyptian antiquities. Mrs. Henry Bassett (Jeanette Monroe Bassett) and Mr. Ellis Monroe have added significantly to the gifts of Babylonian, Egyptian, and Chinese antiquities which they have made in honor of their father, the late Professor Paul Monroe of Teachers College (*Library Columns*, November, 1959). In the present gift are eleven valuable pieces, including three bronze- or copper-age axe and adze heads, a beautifully polished neolithic axe-head, five glazed and unglazed pottery vases, and two Babylonian human figurines of unglazed clay.

Bechtel gift of literary works. Mrs. Edwin De T. Bechtel has presented 130 volumes selected from the library of her late husband. The collection comprises principally first and rare editions of the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Addington Symonds, and William Makepeace Thackeray, but in addition to these is a fine group of works by, about, and illustrated by the artist Joseph Pennell.

Berol gift of original Rackham materials. In the May, 1956, issue of *Library Columns* we reported the gift by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Berol of a superb collection of books illustrated by Arthur Rackham, formerly the property of Sarah Briggs Latimore, who in collaboration with Grace Clark Haskell published the definitive bibliography of Rackham in 1936. The Latimore collection, numbering nearly 400 pieces, left little to be desired in the way of published works, although we have from time to time been able to acquire certain continental editions that were lacking.

Subsequently, Mr. and Mrs. Berol have seized several opportunities to increase the distinction of the collection by adding unique original drawings and paintings by the famous book artist. In 1957, for example, they presented a group of fifty-three original sketches and water-color paintings by Rackham, some of which have never been published (*Columns*, February, 1958). The following year they again presented a fine group of original materials, including two water-colors, nineteen pen-and-ink sketches, and various notes in the artist's autograph regarding the way certain of his drawings were to be handled in printing (*Columns*, February, 1959).

And now once again we are able to report a further magnificent addition to the Arthur Rackham collection. This time Mr. and Mrs. Berol have presented a group of nearly 265 pen-and-ink, water-color, oil, pencil, and pastel originals, bringing the full count of such items in their gift to more than 340. As noted above, many of these pieces are presumably unpublished, among which



ARTHUR RACKHAM'S DESIGN FOR A WITCH'S COSTUME. The artist's pencil notation on the drawing reads as follows: "Black gloves (too long—to make claw-like fingers). Flapping cloak-like drapery semi-transparent: so that the black scraggy silhouette of the closer-fitting dress, arms & legs shows through. Of the 12 witches—probably 7 like this. Broomsticks to be irregular, like branches—not turned."

is a self-portrait in oils, initialed and dated March 31, 1892—the only Rackham portrait in oils known to us. Also included among the unpublished pieces are twenty pencil and water-color drawings for costumes to be used in the stage production of *Hansel and Gretel*, 1933-34, with Rackham's correspondence with the producer, Sydney Carroll, consisting of four letters and two pages of notes. This was Rackham's only work for the theater.

As if this wealth of unique riches were not enough, Mr. and Mrs. Berol have also presented a collection of Rackham's original sketch-books, comprising all of the artist's work-notes for his major illustrated editions that are known to be extant. This collection consists of thirty notebooks, with more than 1250 pages of original sketches, drafts, and studies! The booklets contain cover and title-page designs, notes of passages to be illustrated, and various stages in the development of the actual drawings. Many of Rackham's best known plates can be seen growing from a rough sketch to the finished design. All that goes to make up a busy artist's personal working record is to be found herein.

The Berols have thus established at Columbia what may very well be the greatest single aggregation of Arthur Rackham's work in existence. The presentation of the Latimore collection of his published work gave permanence to an assemblage that was painstakingly complete. To this has now been added uniqueness and what must be international distinction in the great wealth of original paintings and drawings, topped by all of the artist's sketch-books that are known to have been preserved. It goes without saying that, in the future, anyone who wishes to study the development of Arthur Rackham, one of the world's greatest book artists, must take into account the marvelous resource which Mr. and Mrs. Berol have brought together here at Columbia.

Crary gift for the purchase of John Jay manuscripts. Mrs. Calvert H. Crary (Catherine S. Crary) has provided a generous fund to be used for the purchase of John Jay materials. By means of it,

we have been able to acquire a group of thirteen John Jay letters and four documents.

Mrs. Crary, who during the summer of 1959 assisted Professor Richard Morris in his project of obtaining as complete a file as is humanly possible of John Jay letters and documents, principally in photo-copy, was eager to help us acquire some of the original materials that are occasionally offered for sale. Her generous act has enabled Columbia to purchase valuable items which would have been beyond consideration without her timely assistance.

Freeman gift of the Cutler papers. Mrs. Leon S. Freeman (Ethel Cutler Freeman) has presented a collection of the papers, diaries, photographs, citations, degrees, medals, and other memorabilia of the late Dr. Conduct W. Cutler, Jr. Dr. Cutler (B.S., 1910; M.D., 1912) served in both World Wars, received a multitude of honors and citations both for his public and his professional achievements, and was a Trustee of Columbia University. Mrs. Freeman's gift enriches our Columbiana collections and perpetuates the memory of an honored son of this University. Included in the collection are items relating to Dr. Conduct W. Cutler, Sr. (M.D., 1882).

Frost gift of John Dewey correspondence. Mrs. Corinne C. Frost of Brevard, North Carolina, has presented a magnificent collection of letters written by John Dewey to her in the two decades from 1930 to 1950. The collection comprises some 150 items ranging from postcards to multiple-paged disquisitions on problems of philosophy. The gift is the subject of detailed discussion elsewhere in this issue of the *Columns*, so it will suffice to say here that the presentation of this coveted correspondence was made by Mrs. Frost at the John Dewey Centennial Meeting held in the Rotunda of Low Library on October 20, 1959. The gift was accepted by Professor Emeritus William Heard Kilpatrick of Teachers College on behalf of Columbia University.

Gagarine gift of the Vikulov papers. Princesse Alexandre Gagarine of Paris has presented a most interesting and useful group of fifty-six letters written by various persons in Russia to Kuzma A. Vikulov during the years 1918 to 1938. Vikulov, a Russian peasant, served as butler to the Gagarine household, and as such lived in France from about the beginning of World War I until his death ca. 1939.

Jay Family gifts of John Jay manuscripts. In the November, 1959, issue of the *Columns* we reported the magnanimous gift of Jay family papers by Mrs. Arthur M. R. Hughes of Rochester, New York. This gift was in response to the effort that is being made to gather here at Columbia as nearly complete as possible a collection of manuscripts by or relating to John Jay and his ancestors and descendants. In the present issue of the *Columns* we gratefully acknowledge the generosity of three other benefactors who have presented their treasured family heirlooms to further our "John Jay Project."

Miss Frances Jay (A.M., 1953) of New York has presented a splendid collection of twenty-seven letters written by John Jay to his son, Peter A. Jay, from August 4, 1798, to September 30, 1824. Included in the gift are ten letters to or from various other members of the Jay family (among them being a fine letter by J. Fenimore Cooper to John C. Jay, in condolence on the death of Peter A. Jay), and seven family documents.

Mrs. Peter A. Jay of Washington, D.C., has presented an extraordinary group of family papers, including thirty-eight letters from John Jay to Peter A. Jay, March 16, 1806, to February 1, 1825; sixty-five letters from Peter A. Jay to various people, including some to his father, John Jay, March 10, 1788, to January 28, 1839; eighty-two from or to various other members of the Jay family, July 26, 1766, to December 30, 1864; and an especially touching group of sixty-two letters written by Josephine Pearson to her fiance, Peter A. Jay II, in 1847 and 1848, as well as twenty-

eight others written to him after their marriage (she died in 1852, aged 23, and her husband died four years later, aged 35). The gift also includes a number of valuable documents, association copies, and items of memorabilia.

Mrs. Pierre Jay of New York has presented a magnificent collection of 149 letters and twenty-seven documents. Among these are forty-six letters of John Jay, all but four being to his son, Peter A. Jay. The documents range in date from a power of attorney granted to George Clarke, Governor of New York, on May 22, 1742, to a deed to certain New York City properties, dated June 1, 1843.

In addition to these generous gifts, Mrs. Arthur M. R. Hughes has added eleven other Jay family documents, which turned up after she had made her earlier presentation.

We at Columbia are without words adequate to express our gratitude to these donors, who have so generously decided to share their family treasures with future scholars and historians.

Lewis gift of additional Allen Lewis memorabilia. Mrs. Allen Lewis of Basking Ridge, New Jersey, has added substantially to her earlier gifts of materials representing the artistic and typographic work of her late husband (see *Columns*, November, 1958, and February, 1959). The present gift includes: (1) additional specimens of Mr. Lewis' hand-made engraving tools; (2) a large number of original drawings, proofs, and special printings of woodcuts and illustrations for various books; (3) a set of the original drawings illustrating his article on "The Technic of Engraving" (*Art Instructor*, Oct.-Nov., 1937); (4) number 8 of 25 copies of his *Portfolio of . . . proofs personally printed by the artist from cuts made to illustrate Journey to Bagdad*; and (5) fonts of hand-engraved type and ornaments.

Macy gift of Limited Editions Club publications. Mrs. George Macy has continued her generous practice of presenting the beau-

tiful volumes issued by the Limited Editions Club. Twelve stately, handsomely printed, exquisitely illustrated works have, during the past twelve months, joined their fellows in the "George Macy Memorial Collection," comprising a complete file of the works issued by the L. E. C. to date.

Marsh gift of rare and useful books. Mrs. Robert Marsh has generously selected from the library of her late husband (1903 Law) a collection of 510 volumes for presentation to Columbia University. Most of the books are of general literary and historical interest, but among them is the scarce first issue of Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*, 1791, with the misprint on p. 135 of the first volume.

Nevins gift of Rockefeller notes. Professor-Emeritus Allan Nevins has presented his extensive notes gathered for his biography of John D. Rockefeller. These notes, comprising four file drawers, make up the supporting documentation of Professor Nevins's study, and will be added to the already imposing collection of the great historian's papers.

Price gift of literary manuscripts. Mr. Lucien Price has presented the manuscripts, typescript revisions and printer's copy, and early proofs of his *Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead* and of all volumes of his *All Souls* thus far published (*Hellas Regained*, *October Rhapsody*, *Fireweed*, *Davencliffe*, *Thunder Head*, *The Great Companion*, and *Lion of Chaeronea*). This is indeed a notable addition to the collection of manuscripts documenting the contemporary American approach to authorship which the Columbia University Libraries have been gathering over the past half-dozen years.

Van Doren gift of his manuscripts and papers. Professor Mark A. Van Doren (Ph.D., 1921), at the Annual Meeting of the Friends

on January 18, 1960, presented the manuscripts, drafts, notes, proofs, and revisions of his poetry and prose. Professor Van Doren's collection is the subject of special discussion elsewhere in this issue of the *Columns*. Suffice it to say here that his gift takes an honored place among those others whose presentations have been signalized at the Annual Meetings of the Friends over the past four years—the John Erskine Papers, the Herman Wouk Papers, The John Jay Papers, and now the Mark Van Doren Papers.

Wood gift of literary first editions. Mr. Roy Udell Wood (Met.E., 1914) has presented his distinguished collection of first and rare editions of modern authors, including works by J. M. Barrie, James Branch Cabell, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, Ernest Hemingway, William McFee, Christopher Morley, G. B. Shaw, H. M. Tomlinson, and many others. The collection numbers 434 volumes, uniformly notable for their very fine condition.

Activities of the Friends

Annual Meeting. The Annual Meeting of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries was held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on the evening of Monday, January 18, with Mr. C. Waller Barrett, Chairman of the association, presiding.

In the short business session, he announced that the terms on the Council of Mrs. Baer, Mr. Heckscher, Mrs. Hyde, Mr. Lada-Mocarski, and Dr. Fackenthal (who was serving on an interim appointment) would expire at that meeting. He called upon Mrs. Stone, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, who reported that the Committee wished to nominate Mrs. Baer, Mrs. Hyde, and Messrs. Heckscher, Fackenthal, and Lada-Mocarski for the three-year term which ends in January, 1963. Upon motion and second from the floor, the nominees were unanimously elected.

The Program. A major feature of the evening was the presentation by Mark Van Doren of his papers which President Kirk accepted on behalf of the University, including the manuscript of his *Collected Poems*, which won the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry in 1939, and of *The Last Days of Lincoln*, a play which is scheduled to be produced on Broadway this year. Prior to his retirement last June, Professor Van Doren had taught at Columbia for 39 years.

The principal address of the evening was given by Dr. Jacques Barzun, Dean of Faculties and Provost, who spoke on "The Significance of Literary Papers." He was at one time a student of Mark Van Doren.

We are pleased that both of these speakers gave permission for the printing of their addresses in this issue of our periodical.

Bancroft Awards Dinner. For the benefit of our members who may wish to record the date on their calendars, this year's Bancroft Dinner is to be held on Wednesday, April 20. Invitations will be mailed during the latter part of March.



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January 26, 1960

Miss Patrice LaLiberte
Purchasing Office
Columbia University
University Hall Annex
New York 27, N.Y.

Dear Miss LaLiberte:


We are pleased to inform you that the New York Employing Printer's Association, in commemoration of Printing Week in New York City, January 18 - 21, selected the February 1959 issue of "Columbia Library Columns" for hanging at their 18th Exhibition of Printing. This is a publication presently handled by your Purchasing Department and published by the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.

In addition, this booklet received an Award of Special Merit for its excellence in typography, presswork and general format. A Certificate of Special Merit will be presented to the university and another to our plant for producing the piece.

We are proud to have been accorded this honor and at the same time are happy that Columbia University is being rewarded for its confidence in us.

Sincerely yours,

HARBOR PRESS, INC.



Frank D'Arconte
President

This is the second time that *Columbia Library Columns* has won this Award of Special Merit. The earlier occasion was in January, 1959, at which time the issue for the preceding November was selected for hanging in the 17th Exhibition of Printing.

CREDITS

The quotations accompanying the Mark Van Doren photographs are taken from *The Autobiography of Mark Van Doren*, Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, 1958.

The original of the letter from Lincoln to Park Benjamin is owned by Dallas Pratt; a copy is in the Park Benjamin Collection.

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